

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NOVEMBER 19, 1864

PHILADELPHIA DAILY NEWS

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

Price 25¢ a copy in Advance. Whole Number 200.

THE IMAGE BY THE SEA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

IT stood alone by the cushioned rock, but an infant above the foot of the dawning wave, named Where sun-kissed day unbroken hung, in to west And the wild winds howl'd.

ALL men with brooding, shadowed soul, As if the freighted ship from hidden shores Bore friends and treasures far of old, And oriental riches and tropic stores.

And the world swept showers from the sea, Loosening the hair, and giving to the gale The tresses that touched the lifted hand, As it pointed to the swelling sail.

I saw it then as I see it now.

Where it stood on the rock-bound strand, As if waiting in storm for the coming Of sail and friend from a far off land.

When the years had passed with busy tread, And summer came, and laughing, went away, And violets blossomed, and snow-drifts hung Upon the hills through all the winter day,

I saw another vision so like the past, In setting the same—the same like form Not now by rock, nor by the ocean shore, Nor in the gale and midnight storm.

And I know by the dark brown hair, And the voice that the gale bore to me, That the dream and the image of to-day, Was but returning the dream by the sea.

And I took the sweet dream to my heart, For it told when we met near the sea, That the vision should meet me again.

And he ever and ever—

HAMILTON, Ohio. EVERETT.

A TIPPERARY SHOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES," "LITTLE FLAX," &c.

CHAPTER I.

GOING TO TIPPERARY.

"My dear Richard, are you really to go to Ireland?" asked my mother, with some concern, as I flung down the letter I had just received from Col. Fulham.

"Yes, and my destination is—" I hesitated to finish the sentence.

"Is what? Some frightfully savage spot, I suppose."

"One of the Irish cities, formerly a royal seat."

"That does not sound so bad; but what is the name of the place?"

"Cashel," I replied, courageously.

"Cashel," repeated my mother, musingly, "what part of the country is it in?"

"The south—the province of Munster."

"And the county?"

It was some minutes before I ventured to answer that last question, but at length I said "Tipperary," with as much *sang froid* as possible.

"Tipperary!" exclaimed my mother, opening her eyes. "My dear boy, this is dreadful!"

"Not in the least, mother. I shall quite enjoy being among strange people in a strange land."

"But such a monstrous county—so barbarous!" said my anxious parent. "Had you been ordered to any other place in the world I would not have murmured at the command, but Tipperary is too bad."

As well as I could I endeavored to console my mother under the heavy blow she received in learning that my regiment had been sent to the most lawless part of the fair land of Erin. I had never been in Ireland yet. Familiar as I was with many a foreign country, in all my early love of wandering I had never thought of visiting England's sister isle, and I knew as little about that new region as I did of Japan. I was just twenty-three, and had been in the army five years—quarreled during that period at Malta, Gibraltar, and Canada. Before obtaining my commission I had travelled for a year abroad under the guidance of a tutor, and had visited many a classic land. Lately I had spent more than two months of leave on the Continent, and on my return to England for a short visit home I received the announcement that my regiment had been sent to Tipperary—head-quarters Templemore, detachment at Cashel, where my company was now stationed. I had only a few days to linger over my preparations for departure to Ireland, and it was with no small degree of curiosity that I contemplated a sojourn in the heart of a proverbially dangerous locality. I got out the map of Ireland, learned the geography of the province of Munster, discovered Cashel almost in the centre of Tipperary, and trusted to the future to enlighten me further. In those days, reader, travelling was not so expeditious and comfortable as now-a-days. Railroads had not penetrated far through Ireland, and many of the principal towns were as unapproachable as they were fifty years before. Cashel was in this respect better off than many of its neighbours,

and after reaching Dublin, I had the good fortune to be conveyed as far as Maryport by railway, where I exchanged my carriage and seat in the train for a frisky, dancy, shabby coach, that was to penetrate to the remote region of Cork, dropping me on the way at Cashel.

"Will you have room for my baggage on that conveyance?" I demanded, in a kind of anxiety and doubt, as I looked at the already heavily laden vehicle that stood awaiting the arrival of passengers from the train.

"What weight of baggage have you?" asked the guard, screwing up his eyes as he gazed at a somewhat inordinate quantity of boxes and packages near me.

"All this," I answered, with military promptness and assurance, pointing to my packages.

"No room for the half of it," coolly observed the fellow, without looking at me.

"And what is to be done?" said you, yet no other mode of carrying baggage than that shall suffice?"

While I was speaking I observed that a travelling chaise had emerged from the train and was now being attached to four well-conditioned horses; while the owner, a good-looking man, about six or seven and twenty, of prettily appearance, watched the process of harnessing complacently, supporting his chin in a very pretty girl, who I fancied was looking now and then at myself while I stormed about my luggage. One or two glances from her soft blue eyes disarmed my wrath almost instantaneously; I felt ashamed of having betrayed such violence.

"Sir Denis has engaged nearly all the space room for his baggage, sir," said the coachman; "we'd accommodate you with pleasure, but you can't expect accommodation; not, there's the lady's mind, you see, we two more passengers." "Sir Denis" was not friendly; if you're in a hurry with yours, I'll just step over and see him."

And before I had time to reply he advanced to the gentleman standing beside the chaise, speaking a few words to him which I did not hear, as he occasionally pointed in my direction.

"Oh! I should regret putting you to inconvenience," said the gentleman, now coming towards me, while he dropped the arm of his fair companion, who stood in the background: "I will take some of our luggage on the carriage if you have no room for yours on the coach."

I bowed, colored probably, and said a few civil things—thanks and all that.

"You are going to Cork, I presume?" said Sir Denis.

"No; Cashel is my destination."

"Indeed! you belong to the 22nd, then?" observed the gentleman, pleasantly.

"Yes, that is my regiment."

"Is Colonel Fulham at Cashel?"

"No; our headquarters are at Templemore; my company is detached at Cashel."

"Take down the large portmanteau," said Sir Denis, now giving orders for the removal of a part of his ponderous supply of luggage from the coach roof.

"And the largestandbox, Denis, if you like," I heard a sweet voice say in a low tone; "we can manage with it inside the carriage very well."

A sharp-faced abigail who had all along eyed me with ferocity here interposed about the young lady's part of the luggage, declaring that there would be no room on or in the chaise for more packages than were already stowed in it; but the lady, who I concluded was Sir Denis' wife, held out to support me, and I had the facility of seeing the most necessary portion of my traps hoisted at length to the roof of the lumbering chaise. Somehow I had by this time got into such good humor that I would scarcely have grumbled had I been obliged to mount the coach minus even my dressing-case; and though still under the necessity of leaving behind a considerable portion of my effects, I did not give way to any further outburst of impatience. Sir Denis, whose surname was still a mystery to me, chatted a little while before his carriage was in readiness, and then left me, murmuring something about hoping to have the pleasure of calling on me at Cashel, which lay within eight miles of his residence.

As soon as I was fairly mounted beside the coachman and had beheld the private travelling chaise of my new friend winding along before the more heavily laden and less aristocratic conveyance on which I was seated, I began of course to question those around me as to whom Sir Denis was, where he lived, and what the amount of his property was.

"He's Sir Denis Barnett, of Knockgriffin House," replied the coachman.

"Is he married?"

"No, sir."

"And who is the lady with him now?" I asked, after a pause.

"His sister, sir. They live together at Knockgriffin."

"Alone?"

"There's only themselves—two in family now. Old Sir Denis was shot five years ago, and Lady Barnett died shortly after that."

"Was he shot by accident or in a duel?"

"Oh! no. It isn't known who shot him; it was one day he was riding towards Golden, and he was killed on the road."



"That wasn't Sir Denis—that was Mr. Slevin, of course," corrected a passenger sitting near.

"Sir Denis was fired at coming home from a ball at Clonmel."

"Ay, so he was; I confounded the two."

"Wain't it just before that old Jemmy Armstrong was shot in the arm, and had the wonderful escape of his life?"

"No; our headquarters are at Templemore; my company is detached at Cashel."

"Take down the large portmanteau," said Sir Denis, now giving orders for the removal of a part of his ponderous supply of luggage from the coach roof.

"And the largestandbox, Denis, if you like," I heard a sweet voice say in a low tone; "we can manage with it inside the carriage very well."

A sharp-faced abigail who had all along eyed me with ferocity here interposed about the young lady's part of the luggage, declaring that there would be no room on or in the chaise for more packages than were already stowed in it; but the lady, who I concluded was Sir Denis' wife, held out to support me, and I had the facility of seeing the most necessary portion of my traps hoisted at length to the roof of the lumbering chaise. Somehow I had by this time got into such good humor that I would scarcely have grumbled had I been obliged to mount the coach minus even my dressing-case; and though still under the necessity of leaving behind a considerable portion of my effects, I did not give way to any further outburst of impatience. Sir Denis, whose surname was still a mystery to me, chatted a little while before his carriage was in readiness, and then left me, murmuring something about hoping to have the pleasure of calling on me at Cashel, which lay within eight miles of his residence.

As soon as I was fairly mounted beside the coachman and had beheld the private travelling chaise of my new friend winding along before the more heavily laden and less aristocratic conveyance on which I was seated, I began of course to question those around me as to whom Sir Denis was, where he lived, and what the amount of his property was.

"He's Sir Denis Barnett, of Knockgriffin House," replied the coachman.

"Is he married?"

"No, sir."

"And who is the lady with him now?" I asked, after a pause.

"His sister, sir. They live together at Knockgriffin."

"Alone?"

"There's only themselves—two in family now. Old Sir Denis was shot five years ago, and Lady Barnett died shortly after that."

"Was he shot by accident or in a duel?"

"Oh! no. It isn't known who shot him; it was one day he was riding towards Golden, and he was killed on the road."

This was consolatory as far as I was concerned myself, but already I had learned enough to believe fully that the blood-stained reputation of Tipperary was but too well earned. As the day passed I listened to many a thrilling story of assassination and hanging narrated without apology or comment of any sort, and by the time the coach passed the boundary of Tipperary that report had not failed its character in the least. We drove by Templemore, with

its grim barracks, and advanced in the dusk of evening towards Thurles. It was lovely weather, in the middle of May, and the face of the country, fresh and verdant, was pleasant to the eye. The meadows struck me as being of a peculiarly rich green color; the roads were narrow and winding, flanked on either side by thick hedges, seldom neatly trimmed. At Thurles the coach, on halting, was surrounded immediately by idlers, who made comments freely on the passengers, betraying a certain degree of independence and lawlessness that could not fail to strike a stranger with surprise. The night air growing sharp at this time I buttoned my coat to the chin, and with folded arms awaited the continuance of my journey. Somehow, as the moon came forth shining mildly in the clear sky, I found myself ever and anon thinking of the fair face of Sir Denis Barnett's sister, and she was strangely mixed up in my mind with other feelings as I beheld my first sight of the beautiful ruin of Holycross Abbey, which the coach passed closely, its ivy-covered walls and Gothic windows glancing weirdly in the bright moonlight.

"We haven't far to go now, sir," said the coachman, when the abbey was left behind, and we plunged into more narrow roads with abrupt turnings. "There, you can see already the Rock of Cashel standing right opposite you."

I gazed eagerly in the direction pointed out, and beheld distinctly the outline of the steep eminence crowned by the finest of Ireland's ecclesiastical ruins standing clear and sharp against the moonlit sky. A fine sight it was, that perpendicular rock, with its pile of ancient reliques, its dilapidated palace, cathedral and chapel, and well preserved round tower standing so mutely above the surrounding country, telling of kings and priests long gone. Brave old rock! To this day I can recall my first glimpse of you, dear as you have since become to me from memories associated with yourself and your surroundings! No matter what direction we took now, the rock was always visible, and I kept my eyes upon it with a sort of fascination that was impossible to withstand.

Late in the evening we arrived at Cashel, and I took my leave of the Cork Mail, the coachman telling me complacently that he expected to reach his final destination next morning at six o'clock.

CHAPTER II.

CASHEL. KNOCKGRIFFIN HOUSE.

Imagine the most wretched of tumble-down barracks, reader, situated in the most wretched part of a wretched country town, and you will form some idea of my quarters in the City of the Kings at this time. In company with two or three other victims of military chance and change. The "city," consisting then of about

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1864.

glitter of a silvery river, part of the fair, as afterwards learned, winding in and out. "Sister," said Mr. Knobell, "I should not have a power over than this, or a better hope myself out." There appeared nothing of wonder or sense of emotion in the expression I saw around me. The polished piano grounds of happiness were all kept in perfect order. Approaching the piano I beheld a massive, antique machine, with polished towers of inspiring aspect. I sighed as I gazed at its extent and beauty; my own fortune, rando, was very meager. For years I had been considered the heir of a bachelor uncle with twelve thousand a year—a baronet, who took it into his head to marry in his old age, and at sixty-one married the husband of a lady thirty years his junior, who presented him with a son and heir, thus setting off my long established expectations of inheriting the harmony and family estate. At present I had only four hundred a year besides my pay as captain in the army, and as I did not care to ring the bell down here at Knockgriffin, I was fully conscious that Mr. Denis Barnett's slave would think very little of such an income as mine.

"Heigh ho!" thought I; "perhaps it would be better for me to ride back again to Cawell without taking to gain admittance here. This may turn out the most disastrous visit of my life!"

While I cogitated thus the door opened, and I learned that Sir Denis was at home. I thereupon followed the servant, who admitted me through a lofty, square hall, furnished handsomely, and passed on to one of the drawing-rooms, where he was ushered in as Captain Stapleton, my name being fortunately pronounced all correctly, for a wonder. For some moments I did not know that the large drawing-room contained any occupant but myself, but in a short time I was aware that a female form was approaching from one of the windows at the furthest end of the apartment. It was that of Miss Barnett—more graceful, more lovely in figure and face than even I had before believed her to be. Slightly above the middle height, and exquisitely proportioned, with a head and face that might have served as a model for a sculptor, she was truly a beautiful creature; fair, with very little color, and hair of a pale brown hue, braided tastefully and falling low on her neck behind. Though Irish thoroughly, without a tinge of other blood in her veins, this young girl struck me as being very unlike the *deus* I had previously formed of the women of her country. She was neither boisterous nor particularly animated; she did not talk loudly about hunting or horse-racing, nor put one to the blush by cutting jokes and merciless quizzing. She was precisely like a well-bred lady of any civilized society; her accent not quite English, but only tinged sufficiently with that of her own country to give a peculiar charm to her tones. She advanced towards me with a winning smile, gave me her hand in an easy, graceful manner, and entered at once into a conversation which served to dispel the embarrassment that I felt overrunning me as I entered the house. We talked for some time before Sir Denis made his appearance, and from him I received a cordial welcome to Knockgriffin. He was a fine specimen of a Tipperary man—frank, good-looking, and of agreeable manners. Both sister and brother had travelled a good deal abroad, and were acquainted with many friends of my own. They were intimate with London and Parisian society, as well as with members of the higher circles of their own metropolis. I had never passed a pleasanter half hour than that of this morning call; and when on my departure Sir Denis expressed an indefinite sort of wish that I should join a party of visitors, whom he expected to remain for a few days at Knockgriffin, my delight was extreme. To be for a week perhaps domiciled under the same roof as that which sheltered the enchanting form of the most charming girl I had ever seen! It was a happiness almost too great to believe in.

I rode home in a dreamy frame of mind, more intensely sentimental than before, and decidedly very deeply in love. I had passed out of the demesne and was going over one of the narrow tortuous roads bounded by the thick green hedges I have mentioned as peculiar to Tipperary when a somewhat remarkable occurrence took place. I was buried in profound thought, grasping the reins somewhat loosely, and allowing my horse to go on as he pleased, when he gave a sudden start that roused me, and I beheld a man's head peering curiously through the hedge, the eyes fixed intently on myself.

"Good day, Sir Denis," said the fellow, after we had exchanged a scrutinizing stare.

"Good-day," replied I, "but you have mistaken me. I am not Sir Denis Barnett, only a visitor coming from his place."

"All right then," observed the man, pulling his head back, and retreating without saying anything further. I watched him, however, as he cut swiftly across the fields on the left of the road, and observed that he carried a musket, which posed me a good deal. Should I put spurs to my horse and follow the fellow to demand what he wanted with Sir Denis or where he was going with five arms? was the question that rose to my mind while I observed him hurrying off in the distance. My first impulse was to do so, my next to let the matter pass unheeded. I never could expect to discover the truth from him, and nothing could be gained by a mere suspicion. Somehow the incident made a curious impression on me, after all I had read and heard of Tipperary morality, and I did not cease to ponder upon it when I reached my quarters at Cawell.

(To be continued.)

"At a Kentish village in England, the other day, a blacksmith was drinking some ale, when he remarked: "I have swallowed something; I am afraid it was a wasp. If so, I am a dead man." In a very short time afterward he fell into the arms of a bystander, and immediately expired.

It is said that Mr. Chase, when Secretary of the Treasury, proposed to name some new revenue cutters after the various kinds of fishes, the Grike, the Shark, the Shad, &c.; and asked a friend of his in the revenue service to name one. His friend suggested that "The Salmon" would be appropriate. We have not heard that the name was adopted, or that Mr. Chase again asked his friend to name a cutter.

A cat factory has been discovered in Paris. Poor puss was found in all conditions: skin drying for gloves, fur for muffs, and the materials for dinner cloths.

Mr. Lister's Opinion or a "Family-ABLE TROUBLE."—There was an Indian chief at Newport, the past summer, who, seeing Mr. Moore, the boxer, riding upon horseback, asked "If he had seen so much danger that it required four horses to carry him."

THE COMING YEAR.

In order to give plenty of time to those desires of making of *Clubs* for *The Post*, as well as for *THE LADY'S FRIEND*, we insert the prospectus of each periodical in the present number.

The only difference between the terms in the *Prospectus*, and those we have had standing for some weeks past, is in the offer of a *Drawing Machine* on certain conditions.

This offer is as low as we can make it, and our terms will not be deviated from. It must be remembered that the price of the machine—which is in *Wheeler & Wilson's* No. 2, the same as that heretofore offered by us—has advanced one, and deserves the compensation and support of our best citizens.

—

IN making up the *Clubs*, some may prefer to make the paper, some the magazine, while others may take both. Thus, in a club of forty, there may be twenty subscribers to *The Post*, and twenty to *THE LADY'S FRIEND*—it matters not to us what proportion of such, as there are forty subscribers in all, with the one hundred dollars. Upon the receipt of the names and money, or of the money alone, we will send the sewing machine.

We prefer that all the subscribers to the sewing machine clubs should be obtained at the regular price of \$2.50. In case they are obtained at a lower rate, the balance of course must be made up out of the pocket of the person who wishes to procure the machine.

One word that applies to all Clubs. Begin to get these up of ones. By leaving it too late, the persons you rely upon to fill your lists, are procured by others who are more active. In this as in many other things, the old proverb holds true, "The early bird catches the worm." And we trust to have the pleasure of receiving a great many clubs this year, and of forwarding a large number of *Post*, *Lady's Friend*, and *Sewing Machines* as premiums to those who get them up.

CHARLES WOLFE.

Very few persons know more of the Rev. Charles Wolfe than that he was the author of the famous lines "On the burial of Sir John Moore." A recent article in an English periodical informs us that Wolfe was the curate of Dunguaire, Ireland, and died of consumption in the Cave of Cork, on the 21st of Feb., 1822, at the early age of 51. The following account of the reception which his admirable poem first met with is curious:—

"A literary friend told me the following interesting anecdote of his clergy on the burial of Sir John Moore: 'Charles Wolfe,' said he, 'showed me the lines in manuscript, with the beauty of which I was so much impressed, that I requested a copy, for insertion in a periodical in which I had some connection. Wolfe first refused, but in the end complied. I laid the lines before two or three of the literary savants who were in the habit of deciding what should or should not appear in their periodical. The lines were read, condemned and ridiculed; and I was laughed at for my imagining "such stuff" worthy of publication.' I sat myself in a very awkward position, but I got cleverly out of it. I wrote to Charles Wolfe, returning him his manuscript, saying that on more mature consideration, I did not deem the periodical I had named worthy of its insertion."

The following was the account of the burial which suggested the poem. It appeared in the "Kidderminster Annual Register," written, it is believed, by the chaplain of the 9th Regiment, who read the prayers at the grave:—

"Sir John Moore had often said that if he was killed in battle he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there by a party of the 9th Regiment, and the sides-de-camp attending, by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blanket. The interment was hastened; for about eight in the morning some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave. The funeral service was read by the chaplain, and the corpse was covered with the earth."

The following beautiful lament, adapted to the Irish air of *Gramachra*, was also written by Wolfe:—

I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee,
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be;
I never through my mind had pass'd,
The time would o'er be o'er,
That on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.
And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must smile in vain.
But when I speak, thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er let'st unaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary, thou art dead!

He was asked by a friend if "Mary" ever existed, and replied in the negative, saying he had humored a song the air over and over, till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the words. It is further said, however, that Wolfe was in love with the beautiful Mary Grisier of Dublin, and there is therefore reason to suppose that it was her death which is so touchingly lamented.

Archdeacon Stuart describes the personal appearance of Wolfe as follows:—"The name of Charles Wolfe is connected with the earliest recollections of my youth. In stature he was rather above the ordinary height, and his person was somewhat slight. His complexion was fair, approaching to redness. His hair, which hung in somewhat neglected and graceful ringlets, covered a high, but not very expansive forehead. His eye was not large, but a little prominent; the color blue, intermixed with a dark shade, gave it the impress of intellect and intelligence."

"At a Kentish village in England, the other day, a blacksmith was drinking some ale, when he remarked: "I have swallowed something; I am afraid it was a wasp. If so, I am a dead man." In a very short time afterward he fell into the arms of a bystander, and immediately expired.

Archdeacon Stuart describes the personal appearance of Wolfe as follows:—"The name of Charles Wolfe is connected with the earliest recollections of my youth. In stature he was rather above the ordinary height, and his person was somewhat slight. His complexion was fair, approaching to redness. His hair, which hung in somewhat neglected and graceful ringlets, covered a high, but not very expansive forehead. His eye was not large, but a little prominent; the color blue, intermixed with a dark shade, gave it the impress of intellect and intelligence."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried. This was fifty-four years before the great jurist died."

"In 1810 Judge Tandy was so feeble that a gentleman who had a law suit, refused to give

California for Consumptives.

A correspondent of the *Salon Register*, writing from Sacramento, Cal., gives the following interesting account of the climate of California as it affects the consumptive:—

It is now more than a year since I came to California. I have remained a year; I have seen all the seasons. I have experienced the various annual changes of the climate; I have been a close observer of its influence on health, especially of those having long trouble. Having had hemorrhage each spring, for three or four years, while in Salem, and having come to California, physically, for my health, I have thought that some of your New-England readers might like to know the results of my observation and experience. I have lived in Sacramento, and shall speak principally of the climate as it is here, though there is little difference in this respect between Sacramento and the other towns in the great valley of the state, away from the coast and mountains. And this is all.

There are remarkable possibilities about the climate in California. There is no place in the world, probably, where it has so much regularity and where so many kinds of change are to be calculated. During the summer, from April to October—say ten months—the wind from the north-west to the south-east, blowing steadily against our western coast, and passing on towards Peru and Chile, one of the most uniform and strong of the currents which make up the complicated system of trade winds. The great weight of this cold, moist air, and the barrier presented by the great range of mountains, make it hug the surface of the ocean, and prevent it from breaking over and spreading through the interior, till it reaches the Golden Gate. Here an opening presents itself, resembling the union of the small ends of two tunnels, with the large ends north-west, and the other into the country, opening eastward, northward, and southward. Of course, after the inland air is heated and purified by each day's hot sun, the wind rushes through the throat of the tunnels with great violence, till the return of night brings an equilibrium of temperature, when the wind hushes. San Francisco is situated exactly on one side of the throat of the tunnel, where it is alternately caressed by the genial and quiet influence of the early sun, and then raged by winds fresh from the northern ocean and the embrace of icebergs. This circumstance explains the fact that its climate, during the summer season, is generally regarded as fatal to those with lung disease. In the winter the trade wind does not blow.

But this same wind which breaks through the Gate during the summer, is the grand meteorological luxury and salvation of the whole interior of the state. Having passed the throat, it sweeps inward—north, south, east, following up all the streams and valleys, which centre, like the rays of an open fan, in Suisun Bay, the inmost extension of the Bay of San Francisco. It soon encounters the influence of the heat of the sun, and is modified. It loses its violence and sharpness, and visits the whole interior—the purest, balmiest, sweetest, most invigorating and welcome breeze imaginable. Here in Sacramento, owing to the situation of the valley, it comes from the south, and blows with great regularity for six months of the year, last in the fore part of the day, more towards night, but more or less nearly all the time. It is generally blowing from that quarter when you go to bed and when you get up. Hence you know which the dusty side of the street will be, and where to build your house, plant your vines, and hang your clothes' line, to keep them from the dust.

Occasionally, however, a north wind blows—from what cause, or what original source, no one knows. It is a mystery, and a sorrow, to man, beast, and tree. When it begins, it rarely continues more than three days, and it comes perhaps once in a month,—hot, dry, debilitating, blasting.

Besides these features, of uniformity and regularity in the climate, there is no rain to look out for during the long summer, no dew, no electrical disturbances, no lightning or thunder, and few clouds.

In the winter, the weather cannot be calculated on with such nicely and certainty. But even then it seldom rains, unless the wind has come for some hours from the south-east.

The daily changes of temperature, during the dry season, may also be anticipated with exactness. During the afternoon and evening the southern or sea breeze sweeps the land with increased vigor, and after the sun sets, the thermometer indicates that the heat is becoming slowly less, less, less, till one needs a heavy coat when out doors, and two blankets to sleep under during the night. In the morning the sun shines out bright, but cool, and ailles coldly on a cool landscape. You doubt whether there is any great heat in it, or can be to-day; but as the day advances, the sun goes up, up, up, hot, hot, hoister, till the heat as heat—not by its debilitating, feverish or nervous effects—produces an unpleasant sensation, just as you dislike to hold your fingers on a hot tea-pot. This mid-day heat, however, has a peculiarity. It is singularly limited to the direct or reflected rays of the sun—not diffused through the whole atmosphere. Hence, if you step under a tree, or into a room not close to the roof, you are cool enough. The contrast is amazing. Every twenty-four hours at least, therefore, a great heat changes almost imperceptibly into a great but delicious coolness, and the coolness into a great heat. The ordinary range is from 65 degrees to 85 degrees, though there are days in Sacramento when the thermometer reaches as high as 90 degrees in the shade, and other days, or nights rather, of midsummer, when it falls as low as 56 degrees. But these changes are so regular that you know just how to provide for them. You know at what hour you will need your thick pilot-coat, and at what minute you can trust to a linen duster. You may wind up your habits like an eight days' clock, and know that they will come round, each in its place at the right time.

The dust and heat are the great obstacles to out-door exercise in the summer; but these may be overcome. You can reduce them to a minimum by a precise calculation. For example, I rise at five o'clock in the morning; walk half a mile, taking in my hand, and eating by the way, some lumps of crushed sugar, on general sanitary principles; mount a horse; ride four miles to the East, on an unused road, which cuts the wind at right angles; then turn back, with the wind at the same angle on the other side of my face; and eat my steak or chop at seven o'clock with a will. And this is repeated, morning after morning, with the same sun, the same breeze at the same angle, for six weeks now. In this way I have a cool sun, not

a particle of dust, and air oxygenated, genial, exhilarating, invigorating, and invigorating to the skin. During the heat of the day I keep wide open, for the most part, but I am never too warm, in my study, on the lower floor of my house. We here are rarely tormented, if ever, with the furnish'd chills and nervousness which make a hot day in a humid climate so trying; and we, and the students, are not tormented by the heat of the atmosphere, or the great contrast between sun and shade, or the great change from the dry to the wet season; or the nervous habits people form in relation to gradual changes of temperature, when the changes are not painful or uncomfortable; or the undermining effects of skills and forces, of which there are more or less in all these valleys, away from the coast; or the prevalent use of tea-tea, which is far more or less regular and where the moments of change are to be calculated. During the summer, from April to October—say ten months—the wind from the north-west to the south-east, blowing steadily against our western coast, and passing on towards Peru and Chile, one of the most uniform and strong of the currents which make up the complicated system of trade winds. The great weight of this cold, moist air, and the barrier presented by the great range of mountains, make it hug the surface of the ocean, and prevent it from breaking over and spreading through the interior, till it reaches the Golden Gate. Here an opening presents itself, resembling the union of the small ends of two tunnels, with the large ends

north-west, and the other into the country, opening eastward, northward, and southward. Of course, after the inland air is heated and purified by each day's hot sun, the wind rushes through the throat of the tunnels with great violence, till the return of night brings an equilibrium of temperature, when the wind hushes. San Francisco is situated exactly on one side of the throat of the tunnel, where it is alternately caressed by the genial and quiet influence of the early sun, and then raged by winds fresh from the northern ocean and the embrace of icebergs. This circumstance explains the fact that its climate, during the summer season, is generally regarded as fatal to those with lung disease. In the winter the trade wind does not blow.

But this same wind which breaks through the Gate during the summer, is the grand meteorological luxury and salvation of the whole interior of the state. Having passed the throat, it sweeps inward—north, south, east, following up all the streams and valleys, which centre, like the rays of an open fan, in Suisun Bay, the inmost extension of the Bay of San Francisco. It soon encounters the influence of the heat of the sun, and is modified. It loses its violence and sharpness, and visits the whole interior—the purest, balmiest, sweetest, most invigorating and welcome breeze imaginable. Here in Sacramento, owing to the situation of the valley, it comes from the south, and blows with great regularity for six months of the year, last in the fore part of the day, more towards night, but more or less nearly all the time. It is generally blowing from that quarter when you go to bed and when you get up. Hence you know which the dusty side of the street will be, and where to build your house, plant your vines, and hang your clothes' line, to keep them from the dust.

Occasionally, however, a north wind blows—from what cause, or what original source, no one knows. It is a mystery, and a sorrow, to man, beast, and tree. When it begins, it rarely continues more than three days, and it comes perhaps once in a month,—hot, dry, debilitating, blasting.

Besides these features, of uniformity and regularity in the climate, there is no rain to look out for during the long summer, no dew, no electrical disturbances, no lightning or thunder, and few clouds.

In the winter, the weather cannot be calculated on with such nicely and certainty. But even then it seldom rains, unless the wind has come for some hours from the south-east.

The daily changes of temperature, during the dry season, may also be anticipated with exactness. During the afternoon and evening the southern or sea breeze sweeps the land with increased vigor, and after the sun sets, the thermometer indicates that the heat is becoming slowly less, less, less, till one needs a heavy coat when out doors, and two blankets to sleep under during the night. In the morning the sun shines out bright, but cool, and ailles coldly on a cool landscape. You doubt whether there is any great heat in it, or can be to-day; but as the day advances, the sun goes up, up, up, hot, hot, hoister, till the heat as heat—not by its debilitating, feverish or nervous effects—produces an unpleasant sensation, just as you dislike to hold your fingers on a hot tea-pot. This mid-day heat, however, has a peculiarity. It is singularly limited to the direct or reflected rays of the sun—not diffused through the whole atmosphere. Hence, if you step under a tree, or into a room not close to the roof, you are cool enough. The contrast is amazing. Every twenty-four hours at least, therefore, a great heat changes almost imperceptibly into a great but delicious coolness, and the coolness into a great heat. The ordinary range is from 65 degrees to 85 degrees, though there are days in Sacramento when the thermometer reaches as high as 90 degrees in the shade, and other days, or nights rather, of midsummer, when it falls as low as 56 degrees. But these changes are so regular that you know just how to provide for them. You know at what hour you will need your thick pilot-coat, and at what minute you can trust to a linen duster. You may wind up your habits like an eight days' clock, and know that they will come round, each in its place at the right time.

The dust and heat are the great obstacles to out-door exercise in the summer; but these may be overcome. You can reduce them to a minimum by a precise calculation.

For example, I rise at five o'clock in the morning; walk half a mile, taking in my hand, and eating by the way, some lumps of crushed sugar, on general sanitary principles; mount a horse; ride four miles to the East, on an unused road, which cuts the wind at right angles; then turn back, with the wind at the same angle on the other side of my face; and eat my steak or chop at seven o'clock with a will. And this is repeated, morning after morning, with the same sun, the same breeze at the same angle, for six weeks now. In this way I have a cool sun, not

MRS. THOMAS DE QUINCEY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

off in the dead quiet and "noon-thin" of the day, when the heat is at its height, and the sun is high in the sky, and the air is still, and the birds are silent, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the insects are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and the leaves are still, and the flowers are still, and the birds are still, and the air is still, and the heat is still, and the sun is still, and the sky is still, and the clouds are still, and the stars are still, and the moon is still, and the stars are still, and the clouds are still, and the water is still, and the sky is still, and the insects are still, and

CUT SHORT!
BY AUGUST BELL.

I.

A youth lay dreaming on a bank,
Watching the sweet red clover,
While the sun stood laughing over.
His dreams were proud—his happy heart
Beat lightly as a wren;
He held the whole world in his hand,
He felt so strong and brave.

II.

But youth passed by, and manhood came,
With no time left for dreaming;
Again he stood upon the bank,
A tall man, full of scheming;
Hard-till for every little gained,
The great world all uncaring,
His many ideals turned to clay;
Had dulled his early daring.

III.

And so years fled, and hopes fell off
With scant and poor fruition,
The old man closed his weary eyes
To every worldly vision;
And where kind strangers made his grave,
The faithful sun shone over;
No rose nor cypress marks the spot,
Only the sweet wild clover.

IV.

Was that life wasted? Faith says, no!
Though no one heeds his story;
His dreams all failed, his willing hands
Won him no crown of glory.
But toils, and tears, and lack of love,
Borne meekly to Christ's feet,
Will change to harvests of biles,
No dreamer dreams how sweet!

—Clark's School Visitor.

MADAME LA BARONNE DE V-----'S DIAMOND BRACELETS.

(A TRUE INCIDENT.)

The evening of the fifteenth of February, 185—was a gala night in Paris. "Don Giovanni" was to be performed at the opera by an assembly of talent rarely announced for one night, even at the operas of Paris or in the great opera of "Don Giovanni." Yet it was not the names of the artists that most attracted the attention as one read the bills—nobler and more celebrated names caught the eye. They were those of the reigning king and queen—Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie. The officials announced that they would honor the opera with their presence on that evening. They had been but a short time restored to their native land, and this was their first appearance at the opera since the "three days" of July had placed them on the throne; for this reason as many Orleanists as could obtain tickets had secured them for the opera of the 15th—February to hear "Don Giovanni" and to see their king and queen. About six o'clock (for it is remembered the Paris opera did not begin at the present London hours) carriages were to be seen conveying their gayly-dressed occupants to the classic building. An unusually handsome equipage stood at the door of a large house in the Rue des Champs Elysées, evidently also for the purpose of taking some fashionables to the opera. This carriage and house belonged to the Baron de V-----, who was just then standing at the bottom of the noble staircase inside the mansion, calling playfully to his wife, telling her that the carriage was waiting.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," was the answer to this appeal; "don't be in such a hurry!"

As the last piece of advice was proffered the speaker appeared at the top of the stairs.

She was a dark beauty of about one-and-twenty, and was dressed purely in white. She came fluttering down stairs, chattering meanwhile to her handsome husband, who stood looking admiringly at her.

"Now I'm quite ready, so please don't scold. I've only got my bracelets to put on, and those I want you to clasp for me. Here's the case, if you'll take them out, and here's my wrist. Now, suppose I were to lose them in the crowd, what would our good mother say?"

A smile was the only answer the baron vouchsafed, as he took the bracelets out of their case and clasped them on the fair white arm of his bride.

They were very costly, being each composed of three rows of valuable table diamonds, whilst in the centre of either glittered a spray of hearts, artistically formed of smaller diamonds. The bracelets were rendered more precious to their possessors by the fact of their having been in the De V----- family for three generations. They now by right belonged to the dowager baroness, but she had insisted on giving them to her son for his bride, who, therefore, wore them on such occasions as the one we are describing.

The Baron and Baroness de V----- stepped into their carriage, and in a few minutes were entering their box at the opera. The house was already full, although it still wanted fifteen minutes to the time announced for the overture to begin. At length the members of the orchestra took their places, and the peculiar, subdued sound of tuning stringed instruments was heard. Still the royal box was empty, and all eyes were turned towards it in eager expectation. In another moment applause burst from the pit and gallery and the entire house, as Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amélie, attended by a large suite of officers and ladies and gentlemen of the court, appeared. The king and queen bowed graciously in return for the homage paid them, and then took their seats, at which the rest of the company did the same, and the overture commenced.

The queen looked unusually happy, and seemed to take a lively interest in all around her. She not only gazed at the stage, but the baron also came in for a share of her penetrating observation. Suddenly she bent slightly forward and looked in the direction of the box that contained the lovely young Baroness de V-----. The latter was leaning forward, her right hand raised, a finger of which touched one of her dimpled cheeks, deeply interested in the fate of "Don Giovanni," and quite absorbed in the beautiful music.

Her husband had noticed the queen's gesture, and was aware that she had observed his wife, and when the queen turned away he laughingly told her of it.

"Nonsense!" cried the bride; "don't fancy such absurdities."

The truth of what her husband had said, however, soon forced itself on her mind, for at that moment an officer, dressed in the same uniform as those attending the royal party, drew back the curtain behind their box, and stepping forward, said:

"Baron, madame, but her majesty's admiration and curiosity has been so roused by the sight of the beautiful bracelets you wear, that she has commanded me to come and request you to spare me one for a few moments for her closer inspection."

The pretty baroness blushed, looked up to her husband for his approval, then unclasped one of the bracelets and handed it to the officer, fearing not a little that, at the attention and distinction the queen had conferred on her.

The last act of the opera began, and at length the last scene ended, yet the bracelet was not returned. Its owner thought the officer had forgotten it, and the baron said he would go and make inquiries concerning it. He did so, and in a few moments returned, though without the bracelet.

"Adieu," said he to his wife, "it is very strange, but not seeing the officer who took your bracelet, I asked one of the others, who has been in the royal box the whole evening, and he says your bracelet was neither sent for nor fetched."

The baroness looked agape.

"Francoise," she said, "that man must have been an impostor. He was no officer, but an *offreur* thief."

The baron smiled as his little wife jumped so quickly at such a conclusion, and persisted that the bracelet was safe had had really been sent for by the queen, and that the officer whom he had consulted was misinformed.

But woman's penetration had guessed rightly, as the morn proved.

As the bracelet was not forthcoming the next morning, M. de V----- spoke to the Chief Inspector of the police on the subject, who quite coincided with madame's opinion as to the valuable ornament having been artificially stolen. The baron was greatly annoyed, and ordered the inspector to advertise for it in every direction, offering a reward of 5,000 francs to the person who should restore it. The inspector promised to do all in his power towards the recovery of the bracelet, as well for the sake of society at large as the satisfaction of his employers.

But three months passed away—500 francs had been spent in advertising—and still the missing bracelet was not found.

It was growing dusk one evening in May, when a servant informed Madame de V----- that monsieur the Inspector wished to speak to her or monsieur the Baron. As the latter was out, Madame de V----- went down stairs to speak to the inspector, with whom she had had many previous interviews on the subject of the diamond bracelet. As she entered the room he bowed in the respectful manner peculiar to him.

"I believe I have some good news for madame, this evening," he said. His voice was rather singular, somewhat resembling a boy's when changing. Madame de V----- had often remarked this peculiarity before, so it did not strike her that evening. "The detective," he continued, "engaged in the business, have met with a bracelet in a Jew's second-hand shop at Lyons, so exactly the same as madame's that it only remains for it to be identified before we can claim it as madame's property. My object in coming this evening is to ask madame to allow me to look at the other that I may be able to swear to the one at Lyons being its fellow."

The baroness, overjoyed at the idea of recovering her lost property, tripped out of the room, and soon returned with the remaining bracelet. The inspector took it carefully in his hand and proceeded to examine it minutely.

"The bracelets are exactly alike!" he inquired of Madame de V-----.

"Exactly," repeated the baronne.

"I believe I have learnt the pattern thoroughly," said the inspector, musingly, "yet there may be some difficulty in not having both bracelets together to compare them one with another."

"Why not take this to Lyons, then?" suggested the baronne.

"Ah, madame, it would scarcely do to trust even a police inspector after having been deceived by an officer in disguise."

"Oh!" laughed Madame de V-----, "do you not think I would trust you, monsieur Inspector, after all the interest and trouble you have taken in the matter? Take the bracelet, and I hope you will bring me both back ere many days have passed."

The inspector still hesitated, but at length consented to do as the baroness wished him, and went away bearing the sparkling ornament with him. On her husband's return the baroness, of course, told him of the joyful discovery.

A week, however, passed away without the inspector's arriving with the stolen property. One morning, therefore, the baron called on the inspector, to make inquiry respecting it. The latter seemed very much surprised on being asked if the bracelet had been brought from Lyons.

"What does monsieur mean? I never heard anything about the bracelet having been found at Lyons—it is surely a mistake. Monsieur has misunderstood madame la baronne."

"You had better come soon, yourself, and have this strange mystery cleared up, M. Inspector," answered the baron, sternly. "Madame is at home, and will be happy to assure you herself that it is no mistake, that you called and informed her of the diamonds having been traced to Lyons."

The baron and the inspector repaired to the Rue des Champs Elysées, where they found Madame de V----- at home, as her husband had said. She confirmed what he had already said about the inspector having called one night at dusk and having informed her that the bracelet was supposed to be at a Jew's second-hand shop at Lyons.

The inspector smiled incredulously as he said, "Does madame really think that I called at dusk, after business hours, when all the world is out, and enjoy myself with company at home? Bah! I do my business in business hours. The disguised officer most probably thought he could do another little stroke of business in an official uniform of another cut—the villain!—Mais—am afraid madame will never see either of her husband again after this."

The inspector's words came but too true. From that day to this Madame la Baronne de V-----'s diamond bracelets have never been heard of.

The Small House at Paris.

The "small house" has really been one of the greatest curiosities of Paris for some time past. There is hardly a Parisian who has not gone once to look at the marvel, and, had it been possible, some speculate would long ago have taken the house, turned it into a castle, and done a roaring trade. But this could not be; the occupant, who is also the landlord, allows no one to enter—that is to say, none of the curious public: with myself he made an exception.

Who is this, in Paris, in France, I might almost say in Europe, does not know the Faubourg St. Germain, where the famous Faubourg St. Germain, where all the great people of the new era have settled? The splendid Hôtel de l'Empereur in the centre, further on the Russian and English embassies, big palaces with extensive courts and gardens; on the other, the new Ministry of the Interior, the ex-Palais Bourbon, and a little farther on the Hôtel de Castellane—and so on, one magnificent edifice after the other. The balconies are richly gilded; through the plate-glass windows you see costly damask and brocade curtains; in all the court-yards embroidered lacquers, and equipages driving in and out. And then, too, the new Hôtel de l'Empereur, where each house costs at least 1 million. The last open ground between the Russian and English embassies was bought a few years back by Pèreire, the banker, for two millions, and he built on it an hotel, whose interior is said to be finer than that of the adjoining imperial palace—which I can well believe, for Pèreire has certainly more money than the emperor.

In such a neighborhood, though it can hardly be believed, is situated the "small house," and even more, it is exactly opposite the chief gate of the Hôtel, so that their majestic glances meet invariably fall on it in riding out. But as their majesties do not live in the Hôtel, and the master's eye has not yet been offended by this incomprehensible anomaly, the house has stood there quietly, and will continue to do so, for it has its history. The ground landlords on the right and left made the owner brilliant offers, but to no effect; the small house still stands on the spot where it stood in the last century.

Under the Restoration and the Government of July the small house was forgotten and unnoticed: not surprising, for the Hôtel was unoccupied and so neglected that a part of the side-buildings fell down. There were palaces enough and round Paris, and the favorite palace of Napoleon I. was certainly the last the Bourbons or the Orleans would have liked to occupy. During the presidency of 1848 and 1850, Prince Louis Napoleon resided there, and performed the coup d'état at it. But this is an old story.

It was just after the coup d'état that the small house began to be talked about. One of the doormen at the Hôtel had noticed for some time past a strange and very alarming sight at the opposite house. Whenever the prince president rode or drove out, the curtains were gently parted at one of the low windows, and a swarthy bearded face became visible, which gazed at his highness—people were beginning to use the word them. This was daily repeated: whenever the Hôtel gates were opened, and the usual roll of the drum was heard, the curtains parted, and behind them always appeared the same swarthy bearded face. The doorman told his comrades, and they repeated it to the footmen, each, of course, with his own comments. At length the attendant heard of it; from him it passed to the adjutant, and the latter at length imparted it to General Rollin, commandant du château, very secretly: for that the master was suspicious and dangerous was self-evident. Who knew what might be going on behind those curtains *vis-à-vis*? perhaps a conspiracy against the prince's life, or even an infernal machine? The spot was admirably adapted for such an attempt: no better could be selected in all Paris. The general inquired about the inhabitants of the opposite house, quietly, of course, in order not to arouse any premature suspicion or alarm the conspirators. But he only learned generalities: on the ground floor there were two small shops, as there are now, a lingerie and a cremerie; between them the narrow house-door, leading in a dark passage; the two windows of the single story, small and low; above them a couple of mansardes, still smaller and lower, and that was all. The whole house was dirty and descript; the No. 86, a large porcelain plate, white on a blue ground, was the sole clean and elegant part of the building.

The prince president had accidentally heard, too, about his unpleasant neighbor, and his curiosity was aroused. The next time he went out the ominous face again appeared at the curtains, and stared at the prince. The latter bowed politely (at that day he knew how to salute people as kindly as ever prince managed it,) the window was dragged open, and a loud "Vive l'Empereur!" was shouted. Only think! Seven months after the coup d'état, which consolidated the Republic again, and when the Mairies of St. Cloud had just been degraded for having begun its official proclamations with those prehistoric words.

Then a loud "Vive l'Empereur!" and the next moment the man with the fearful face—which, however, did not look so terrible—was at the carriage-door, and kissing the prince's boots, coat, and hands—in short, everything he could clutch. They tried to restrain him, but he pushed them aside, and cried to the prince: "Enfin, sire, vous volez de retour. Ca ete bien long! bien long!" and then burst into tears. The prince was affected, and offered the old man his hand, who stood as if giddy, and gave all sorts of unconnected answers to the questions asked him. When he grew calmer, he told what he had on his heart. He was twenty-two years of age, a veteran of the First Empire, served in Egypt, fought in twenty battles, and, what was the chief thing, was a personal friend of the Mameluke Rustam. Rustam! Among the prince's suite was one who remembered that Rustam had really once lived in the small house which the Emperor gave him. "Quite right," the old man answered, "we lived there together, and he died there, too. Everything is the same upstairs as it used to be." The prince president had already got out of the carriage and was about to enter the house: his officers followed him. Upstairs are two small rooms, one of which, Rustam's former apartment, is a sort of museum. On the walls are the various uniforms and arms of the Mamelukes, and numerous other trifles from the campaign, among them the flask from which General Bonaparte drank in Egypt. In the centre is a species of altar, with the Emperor's bust, on a small velvet cushion the cross of the Legion, fastened to a faded red ribbon. Everything clean and cleverly finished after; however, in the side room there is a field-bed, with a table and chair; on the wall an old Hussar uniform from

the First Emperor, the shako with the bright yellow plumes eighteen inches high, and all on.

The prince president examined everywhere, and called for explanations. The details in the old man's story were curiously, minutely, and interestingly narrated. Thus he had inhabited the small house for upwards of thirty years, without any wife, for he always labored in from Rustam, who said to him: "When I die, do you keep the house, they will have you in it, only tell them that the Emperor gave it to us."

Strange to say, the Municipality of Paris, though usually so punctilious, left the old man at peace, recognized him as proprietor, and taxed him accordingly. The old man was the neighbor of the Emperor no more—had no wife but that he might be left at peace at his window, and not have a policeman at his house when he took his morning walk in the Champs Elysées, as General Rollin had unwisely ordered. At length, however, something occurred to him: "Sir," he said, "I am sure you keep a better table than I do; and wine, too, has been so bad and dear lately, if you now and then—" the prince did not allow him to finish, but promised him a dish and a bottle of wine daily. This promise was strictly kept, and so long as the prince occupied the Hôtel, a lacquoy could be seen daily crossing the road with various dishes and bottles, "do le fait de son plaisir," as the footmen always said—"do as you please," as the old man always angrily corrected him. But as he had but little, he often invited a couple of wooden legs from the Invalides, his friends from Wagner and Jea, and the greybeards toped and sang in the little up-stairs room, as they did in the bivouac on the eve of a battle, when the Emperor silently passed them, and bade them not disturb themselves on his account. But this also took place in the old man's own room, not in the one where Rustam died, through respect for the relic. The guest only went there when they broke up, and looked piously at the different things; if a tear happened to rise in the eye of one of them, the host would say half angrily, half frankly: "Bête, pourqué pleurez-vous? puisque est de retour." This was over the great refrain, as is the case with all the Invalides of the First Empire.

When the prince quitted the Hôtel, and as emperor occupied the Tuilleries, he at once remembered his old neighbor, and sent for him to tell him that he should send his dinner as before. "Je vous le disais bien, sire," was the old man's laconic answer: "que l'Empereur n'est pas mort." In the following years he was frequently seen walking in the Tuilleries garden, always under the Emperor's windows, which he saluted to the annoyance of many too zealous lacquoys, but he was not interfered with as he was known. Afterwards he saw him several times behind his curtain in the Faubourg St. Germain, but he looked unhappy, and had grown very old. The small house, however, still remains as of yore on the old spot.

A Remarkable Fact.

It is undoubtedly a remarkable fact that the rabbis of the middle ages, the Cabalists especially, already supposed that there are inhabited planets besides this earth. This hypothesis is expressed in the following fable, which we translate from the Solomonic fables in the *Book of Job*, by Jellinek, part IV., which were already published in the year 1818, at Constance.

In the days of Solomon, the king of Israel one day, Ashmodai, the king of demons, asked the king, "Art thou the man of whom it is to be said, 'And he was wiser than every man'?" "So, at least, has God promised me."

"If thou choosest, I will show thee something thou hast never seen."

"Do so," said the king, and Ashmodai stretched forth his hands and brought up from the sphere called *Thébet*, a man with two heads and four eyes. Tremblingly the king commanded,

"Bring him in my private apartment;" then he sent after Benaiyah, son of Jochabed and asked him, "Believest thou in the existence of human beings besides on this earth?"

"As thou livest, O king, I know not," said Benaiyah, "still Ahiyah, thy father's preceptor maintained that there were human beings below us as well as with us."

"And if I show thee one, what wilt thou say then?"

"How is it possible so to do," said Benaiyah, "when the earth has a depth of five hundred years' journey, and the distance of one earth from the other is also five hundred years' journey?"

Solomon sent for the man. Benaiyah, on seeing him, fell upon his face and exclaimed:

"Praised be the Lord who permitted us to behold this."

A SINGING BIRD.

My soul is dull—through all this day,
To deepest life will not be stirred;
I'll go a stony length from my way,
To hear the singing of a bird.

A little bird, in wire-bound cage,
Suspended o'er the dusty path,
That moves from post's brightened page,
The power, methinks, to cheer me hath.

I've heard it many times ere now,
When pressed by tell's dull weariness;
And through my soul has passed a glow
I could but feel, not all express.

Al, there it is! 'mid dust and dust,
What wondrous charm is in that voice!
It wakes the dormant life within,
And in its joy does it rejoice.

Still closer, brighter, every note
Comes sparkling out in silver showers;
Ah! now my soul is all astir,
In dreams of fields and drowsy flowers.

The fair hedge-horse and silver swan,
With cedar bough of new-mown hay,
I hear the wren's dabbled flight
Above the white potato play.

It breathes out a singing strain,
How soft and low, a soothing hymn;
I thrill with joy through every vein—
I drink repose in woodlands bays.

I wake refreshed—where is the cloud
That dimmed my life a while ago?
Yet I am still among the crowd,
That toll-worn passes to and fro.

Who would not, on a summer's day,
When life may thus be sweetly stirred,
A street's length wander from his way,
To hear the singing of a bird?

OSWALD GRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Vernon's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlynn," "Sister Trivita's Host,"
"The Mystery," etc., etc.

(Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1884,
by Davenal & Fletcher, in the Clerk's Office of the
District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

PART LIII.

THE GALLANT CAPTAIN HOME AGAIN.

Captain Davenal and his wife had been expected in England in December—as you have heard; but the time went on, and February was at its close before they arrived. They had been compelled to land at the Cape in consequence of the illness of Mrs. Davenal, and had to remain there some time. She had come into a very large fortune on the death of her father; a considerable portion of it was settled upon her, and the rest, a modest sum, passed to her husband. So Captain Edward Davenal was once more at his ease in this world of change.

Gay, handsome, free, sunny, it might have been thought, that not an hour's care had ever been upon him. No allusion to a certain dark episode of the past escaped his lips when he and his sister met: there were no signs that he so much as remembered such a trouble had ever been. They were the present guests of Lady Reid, and would remain so for a short time. It was Captain Davenal's intention to take a furnished house for a term. His leave of absence was for two years; but they did not care to be stationary in London the whole of the period. Sara was charmed with his wife; a gentle, yielding, pretty thing, looking so young as to be a girl still, and dividing her love between her husband and infant son, a fine young gentleman born at the Cape. A dread fear assailed Sara's innocent heart there arose unbidden a rebellious thought: that others had had to pay it, not Captain Davenal.

"Did it affect my father's health, this business?" he inquired, in a low tone.

"I fear it did," she replied, feeling that she could not avoid the confession. "I am sure it affected him mentally. There was a great change in him from that night."

Captain Davenal folded the papers slowly and pushed them into his waistcoat pocket, in his usual careless fashion.

"What a fool I was!" he muttered; "and what a rogue was that other!"

"Are they safe there, Edward?"

"Safe enough until I get home. They will be burnt, then, except this final receipt. Oh, if my father had but lived! I could at least have repaid him his pecuniary loss. It took all he left behind him to satisfy it!"

"Yes: all."

"He told me that he and his son had once been friends," she said in a half whisper.

"And so we were. I believed in the fellow; I had no suspicion that he was a villain, and I let him draw me into things from which I could not extricate myself. I was a fool; and I had to pay for it."

In Sara's innocent heart there arose unbidden a rebellious thought: that others had had to pay it, not Captain Davenal.

"Did it affect my father's health, this business?" he inquired, in a low tone.

"I fear it did," she replied, feeling that she could not avoid the confession. "I am sure it affected him mentally. There was a great change in him from that night."

Captain Davenal folded the papers slowly and pushed them into his waistcoat pocket, in his usual careless fashion.

"What a fool I was!" he muttered; "and what a rogue was that other!"

"Are they safe there, Edward?"

"Safe enough until I get home. They will be burnt, then, except this final receipt. Oh, if my father had but lived! I could at least have repaid him his pecuniary loss. It took all he left behind him to satisfy it!"

"Yes: all."

"He told me he feared it would, or nearly all, in the letter he wrote me when he was dying. Did things really well?"

"No, very badly. There was not enough to satisfy the claim by two hundred pounds. Finally, Aunt Bettina advanced that."

"Does she know of this?" he exclaimed, in a startled tone.

"No, I kept it from her. It was difficult to do, but I contrived it."

"You were a brave girl, my sister! And don't know who would have acted as you have! All this trouble upon you, and never to worry me with it in your letters!—never to ask me for money to help in the need!"

"I thought you had none to give," she simply said.

"True enough: I had none. But most sisters would have asked for it. I shall repay at once, Aunt Bettina; I shall repay, more gradually, to the half of what my father possessed before this trouble was brought by me upon him. What do you say?—my wife's money? Tush, child! do you know the amount of the fortune we have come into? Compared to that, it will be but a drop of water in the ocean. If I did not repay it to you, she would."

Sara looked up.

"My wife knows all. I told her every word."

"Oh, Edward. Before your marriage?"

"No: before, I suppose I ought to have done so, but it would have taken a greater amount of moral courage than I possessed. I couldn't risk the losing her. I told her partially a short time after our marriage: the full particulars I did not give until last night."

Last night, Sara was surprised.

"She fell in love with you yesterday, Sara, and I thought it well to let her know what you really were—how true you had been to me."

Sara was silent. It was in her nature to be true; and as she believed, it was in her nature to be able to suffer.

"There were times when I felt tempted to wish I had stayed at home and battened with it," resumed Captain Davenal, after a pause. "But in that case the scandal would probably have gone forth to the world. As it was, no living knew of it, save you and my father."

"And Mr. Alfred King?" she said. "Another name also occurred to her, but she did not mention it—that of Oswald Gray."

driving-brown. It was the best hair of their being alone, and Captain Davenal held her before him and caressed her face.

"What have made you get on this?"

"Indeedly so. I have been telling Davenal that she's headstrong. That, ever, but I can't say the name of you. What is the name, Sir?"

"I think people in get this," she said, with some shyness. "But let me tell it of my charge, however."

She went to her dressing-room and brought down Dr. Davenal's desk. To Edward's surprise, he saw that it was bound round with a broad tape and sealed. When Sara had placed the papers in the desk, received from Mr. Alfred King, she had unconsciously sealed up the desk in this manner: a presentation against its being opened.

The desk was half-opened and brought down Dr. Davenal's desk. To Edward's surprise, he saw that it was bound round with a broad tape and sealed. When Sara had placed the papers in the desk, received from Mr. Alfred King, she had unconsciously sealed up the desk in this manner: a presentation against its being opened.

"What's that for?" exclaimed Captain Davenal, in his quiet way, as he recognized the desk and to whom it had belonged. "Did my father leave it to me?"

She replied by telling him her suspicion of the desk's having been opened; and that she had deemed it well to secure it against any future intruder when once these papers were inclosed in it.

"But who would touch the desk?" he asked. "For what purpose? Was your young Dick at home at the time?"

Dick was not at home. But Dick would not touch a desk. I would not answer for Dick where a man supposed in secret; but in anything of consequence Dick's as honest as the day. I suspected Neal, Edward."

"I did. I feel half ashamed to say so. Do you remember telling me that papa had a suspicion, or doubt, whether Neal had not visited some of his letters?"

"I remember it. I thought my father was wrong. Neal! Why, Sara, I'd as soon suspect myself."

"Well, I can only tell you the truth—that when I found out to fear this desk had been surreptitiously opened, my doubts turned to Neal. You see, we have no one about us but him and Davenal; and Davenal I am certain is trustworthy. But I admit that it was in consequence of what you told me that I cast any doubt on Neal. However it may have been, I deemed it well to secure the desk afterwards."

She had been opening the desk as she spoke, and she took from it a sealed pocket and handed it to Captain Davenal. He opened it at once, and glanced over its contents, two or three papers, one by one, slightly drawing his lips.

"What a shame!" he burst forth.

She did not like to ask questions. She only looked at him.

"That they should have lied my father in this manner. Scoundrels! I was away, therefore the game was in their own hands. Did you read these papers, Sara?"

"I was obliged to read them; to see that they tallied with copies that papa left. He left written instructions that I should do so."

"To whom was this money paid?"

"To Mr. Alfred King. Don't you see the receipt?"

"I'd walk ten miles before breakfast any morning to see the fellow hung. It's what he'll come to."

"He told me that he and his son had once been friends," she said in a half whisper.

"And so we were. I believed in the fellow; I had no suspicion that he was a villain, and I let him draw me into things from which I could not extricate myself. I was a fool; and I had to pay for it."

In Sara's innocent heart there arose unbidden a rebellious thought: that others had had to pay it, not Captain Davenal.

"Did it affect my father's health, this business?" he inquired, in a low tone.

"I fear it did," she replied, feeling that she could not avoid the confession. "I am sure it affected him mentally. There was a great change in him from that night."

Captain Davenal folded the papers slowly and pushed them into his waistcoat pocket, in his usual careless fashion.

"What a fool I was!" he muttered; "and what a rogue was that other!"

"Are they safe there, Edward?"

"Safe enough until I get home. They will be burnt, then, except this final receipt. Oh, if my father had but lived! I could at least have repaid him his pecuniary loss. It took all he left behind him to satisfy it!"

"Yes: all."

"He told me he feared it would, or nearly all, in the letter he wrote me when he was dying. Did things really well?"

"No, very badly. There was not enough to satisfy the claim by two hundred pounds. Finally, Aunt Bettina advanced that."

"Does she know of this?" he exclaimed, in a startled tone.

"No, I kept it from her. It was difficult to do, but I contrived it."

"You were a brave girl, my sister! And don't know who would have acted as you have! All this trouble upon you, and never to worry me with it in your letters!—never to ask me for money to help in the need!"

"I thought you had none to give," she simply said.

"True enough: I had none. But most sisters would have asked for it. I shall repay at once, Aunt Bettina; I shall repay, more gradually, to the half of what my father possessed before this trouble was brought by me upon him. What do you say?—my wife's money? Tush, child! do you know the amount of the fortune we have come into? Compared to that, it will be but a drop of water in the ocean. If I did not repay it to you, she would."

Sara looked up.

"My wife knows all. I told her every word."

"Oh, Edward. Before your marriage?"

"No: before, I suppose I ought to have done so, but it would have taken a greater amount of moral courage than I possessed. I couldn't risk the losing her. I told her partially a short time after our marriage: the full particulars I did not give until last night."

Last night, Sara was surprised.

"She fell in love with you yesterday, Sara, and I thought it well to let her know what you really were—how true you had been to me."

Sara was silent. It was in her nature to be true; and as she believed, it was in her nature to be able to suffer.

"There were times when I felt tempted to wish I had stayed at home and battened with it," resumed Captain Davenal, after a pause. "But in that case the scandal would probably have gone forth to the world. As it was, no living knew of it, save you and my father."

"And Mr. Alfred King?" she said.

"Another name also occurred to her, but she did not mention it—that of Oswald Gray."

"Alfred King? Sara, my dear, I don't care to enter into particulars with you, but he was with me in the man; more morally guilty, though less legally so, than I was. He has never told me, I can answer for, for his own sake."

"He always speaks of me being only a sort of agent in the affair," she said. "He intimated that the money was due to other parties."

"Was it from him, then. But it is over and done with; let it drop. And now, Sara, you must allow me to ask you a personal question: are you still engaged to Oswald Gray?"

The demand was so unexpected, the subject so painful, that there fell the life-blood here heart for her face.

"I am not engaged to Oswald Gray," she said in a low tone. "I—I cannot say that I ever was engaged to him."

"But—surely there was some attachment."

"A little: in the old days. It is very long ago, now. How did you know of it?"

"Oswald Gray himself told me. It was the evening we went up to town together after Mr. Neal's wedding. He knew I was going out immediately with the regiment, and he gave me a hint of how it was between you. Only a hint; nothing more. I suppose—I suppose," she slowly added Captain Davenal, "that this wise business of mine broke it off. I suppose when Oswald found, at my father's death, that you had no money, he dismissed the command. It's too bad."

"Not so. I do not think money, or the want of it, would have any influence on Oswald Gray. In this case it certainly had not. We had parted before papa died."

"What then was the cause, Sara?"

"Shouldn't she tell him? that it was his, Edward?"

"It is too painful for me to tell the truth," she said. "It is too painful for me to tell the truth."

"It is too painful for me to tell the truth," she said. "It is too painful for me to tell the truth."

"It is too painful for me to tell the truth," she said. "It is too painful for me to tell the truth."

"It is too painful for me to tell the truth," she said. "It is too painful for me to tell the truth."

"It is too painful for me to tell the truth," she said. "It is too painful for me to tell the truth."

"It is too painful for me to tell the truth," she said. "It is too painful for me to tell the truth."

"It is too painful for me to tell the truth," she said. "It is too painful for me to tell the truth."

"It is too painful for me to tell the truth," she said. "It is too painful for me to tell the truth."

"Oh, dear, yes. I have done nothing so long while but thought of him to write to you, sir, and now if you would mind in my behalf to Washington, and make him allow me more, or this let me go out to him in India."

She interrupted. "It might not be wise in her, but she could not help herself."

"I once accidentally heard a conversation of yours with Neal. You were speaking of this marriage. Captain Davenport; it was the very day that we had heard news of his marriage with Mrs. Hale. I remember you said something to the effect that you would have satisfaction, cost what punishment it would to him. Did you adduce to your husband?"

"Yes, I did," the girl replied. "And I hope he will be punished you. I remember the date, too. I had had a letter that morning from one of the women who were with the regiment, a soldier's wife; she spoke of my husband in it in a way that vexed me; and the next, outside other news, said their Captain—Captain Davenport—had just got married. The letter put me up to think that perhaps Captain Davenport could do some good, for me with my husband, and I came off to Neal and asked him. Neal said he should not trouble Captain Davenport with anything of the sort; and the answer made me angry, and I reminded Mr. Neal that I could say one or two things about him that might not be pleasant; if I chose to be ill-treated; and at last he promised to send a letter for me to Captain Davenport, enclosed in one from himself, if I liked to write and state the case. I remember quite well saying that I could have satisfaction somehow, no matter what the punishment to my husband. Did my letters ever reach you sir? I wrote two or three."

"Never."

"Like enough Neal never sent them," she exclaimed with an angry toss. "He said he did; and I have been always asking him whether he received no answer for me."

"Is Neal your uncle, Mrs. Wentworth?"

"I call him so sometimes, sir, when I want to be pleasant with him, but in point of fact he is no real relation. My step-mother is his sister; and that makes him a sort of uncle-in-law."

"And you have not—excuse my pressing the question, Mrs. Wentworth, but I have a reason for it—given Neal reasons to suppose that you were ever married to any one except Sergeant Wentworth?" resumed Captain Davenport.

"Never in my life, sir," she replied, and her accent of truth was unmistakable. "Say to Neal that I was married to anybody else! What for? It would be childish to say it; he knows quite well that I am Sergeant Wentworth's wife."

The falsehood then had been Neal's! Captain Davenport glanced at Mrs. Wentworth. But the sergeant's wife spoke again.

"Could you interest yourself for me with Wentworth, sir?"

"Ah, I don't know. It is a ticklish thing; you see, to interfere between man and wife," added the captain, a jesting smile upon his lips, "How does the old proverb run?—that any man who does gets his teeth drawn by both parties, the upper ones by the wife, and the lower ones by the husband?" What is your grievance against Wentworth?"

Mrs. Wentworth entered on her grievances; a whole catalogue. She required that her husband should send for her to be with him in India, or else that he should make her a better offer, so that she could live "as an lady." She knew he got plenty of prize money she said, for she had been told so; and she finished up with stating that she had been to the War Office, and to half a dozen other offices, to complain of him, and could get no redress.

"Well," said Captain Davenport, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I will write to Sergeant Wentworth—a man for whom I have great respect—and inquire his version of the quarrel between you. We should always hear both sides of a question you know, Mrs. Wentworth. When I get his answer, you shall hear from me. To be candid with you, I must say that I don't think Wentworth is one to allow of much interference. He has good judgment, and he likes to exercise it. But I will write to him."

"And you'll promise to see me again, sir, in spite of Neal? What his objection was, I don't know, but he did all he could to prevent my seeing you."

"I don't think you need fear Neal's prevention for the future in regard to seeing me," said Captain Davenport, in a significant tone, as he civilly bowed out Mrs. Wentworth.

(to be continued.)

Paper Mattresses and Pillows.

These mattresses, when well made, serve as admirable beddings for the sick and infirm among the poor, who have often nothing better than sacks filled with shavings to lie upon. They should be made thus:—The paper must be torn up into a basket which will not tip over. It must first of all be folded, and then be torn towards one's self, in the seams, into strips; each strip should be torn into bits no longer than half a postage stamp. One thing is necessary to be observed in this part of the work—the paper must never be torn double, and each bit must drop separately into the basket. There will be lumps for ever in the pillow or bedding should you neglect this caution. I have found out to my cost that, though you may shake the basket of bits, when they are thrown in double together they don't divide, and you put lumps into the case of lines or ticking, or whatever you prefer for the same pillow or mattress. No bits with sealing-wax or gum upon them, such as some portions of an envelope, should ever be dropped in; neither any colored paper, because poisons are now and then used in their tints by the manufacturers, in the same way as arsenic is employed in the coloring of green muslin. I have been told by a good authority in the matter that newspaper-stuff is healthy, on account of printers' ink being peculiarly wholesome. For my own part I should prefer a pillow or mattress made of one sort of paper, either all newspaper and printed forms, such as circulars and clean old book sheets, or letter paper. Your friends might tear up their letters which they do not wish to preserve, and contribute with advantage to your waste-paper basket.—*Our a. Work.*

127 A regiment of soldiers passed through Georgetown, Ky., a few days ago, the members of which were worth \$1,000,000, when our currency was at par value with gold. It was the One-Hundred and Seventeenth United States (colored) Regiment.

128 A Parisian advertisement photographs giving to the physiognomy the effects of the full moon shining on the face. He says the softness the moon produces is remarkable. There is no doubt of it.

The Davenport Brothers.

THEIR PERFORMANCES IN ENGLAND—LETTER FROM DION BOUCICAULT, A.R.

The following letter from Dion Boucicault, describing the performances of the Davenport Brothers at his house in London, appears in the London Daily News of October 13:

To the Editor of the DAILY NEWS:

SIR.—A scene by the Brothers Davenport and Mr. W. Fay took place in my house yesterday, in the presence of Lord Bury, Sir Charles Nicholson, Mr. John Gorst, Sir G. Lomax Wyke, Rev. R. H. Newson, Rev. W. Ellis, Captain E. A. Ingoldsby, Messrs. Charles Radde, James Matthews, Algernon Beresford, L. Willm, H. E. Greenwood, J. W. Kape, J. A. Bentick, H. J. Bidecock, Robert Bell, J. N. Mansfield, H. M. Dwyer, W. Tyler Smith, M. D., T. L. Curzon, John Brown, M. D., Robert Chambers, and Dion Boucicault.

The room in which the meeting was held is a large drawing-room, from which all the furniture had been previously removed, excepting the carpet, a chandelier, a small table, a sofa, a pedestal, and twenty-six cane-bottomed chairs.

At two o'clock six of the above party arrived, and the room was subjected to careful scrutiny. It was suggested that a cabinet, to be removed into an adjacent room, should be selected by themselves. This was done by our party, but in the process we displaced a portion of this piece of furniture, thus enabling us to examine its material and structure before we moved it.

At three o'clock our party was fully assembled, and continued the scrutiny. We came to a neighboring music-seller for six guitars and two tambourines, so that the implements to be used should not be those with which the operators were familiar. At half-past three the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay arrived, and found that we had altered their arrangements, by changing the room which they had previously selected for their manifestations. The scene then began by an examination of the dress and persons of the Brothers Davenport, and it was certified that no apparatus or other contrivance was concealed on or about their persons. They entered the cabinet, and sat facing each other. Captain Ingoldsby then, with a new rope provided by ourselves, tied Mr. W. Davenport hand and foot, with his hands behind his back, and then bound him firmly to the seat where he sat. Lord Bury, in like manner, secured Mr. J. Davenport. The knots of these ligatures were then fastened with sealing-wax, and a seal was affixed. A guitar, violin, tambourine, two bells, and a brass trumpet, were placed on the floor of the cabinet. The doors were then closed, and a sufficient light was permitted in the room to enable us to see what followed. I shall omit any detailed account of the Babel of sounds which arose in the cabinet, and the violence with which the doors were repeatedly burst open and the instruments exploded; the hands appearing, as usual, at a lozenge-shaped orifice in the centre door of the cabinet.

The following incidents seem to us particularly worthy of note:

While Lord Bury was stooping inside the cabinet, the door being open, and the two operators seen to be sealed and bound, a detached hand was clearly observed to descend upon him, and he started back, remarking that a hand had struck him. Again, in the full light of the gas chandelier, and during an interval in the scene, the doors of the cabinet being open, and the hands of the operators seen to be sealed and bound, the hands appearing, as usual, at a lozenge-shaped orifice in the centre door of the cabinet.

Women put on them four thicknesses under the shawl, which, with its various doublings, furnishes several more;—then, over all, thick, padded fur, while their legs have one thickness of cotton under a balloon. They constantly come to me about their headache, palpitation of the heart, and congestion of the liver. Yesterday one said to me, "All my blood is in my head and chest. My head goes bumpity-bump, my heart goes bumpity-bump." I asked, "How are your feet?" "Chunks of ice," she replied. I said to her, "If you so dress your legs and feet that the blood can't get down into them, where can it go? It can't go out visiting. It must stay in the system somewhere. Of course the chest and head must have an excessive quantity. So they go bumpity-bump, and so they must go, until you dress your legs and feet in such a way that they shall get their share of blood. In the coldest season of the year I leave Boston for a bit of a tour before the lyceum—going as far as Philadelphia, and riding much in the night without an overcoat; but I give my legs two or three times their usual dress. During the coldest weather men may wear, in addition to their usual dress, a pair of chamois-skin drawers with great advantage. When we ride in a sleigh, or in the cars, where do we suffer? In our legs, of course. Give me warm legs and feet, and I'll hardly need an overcoat.

My dear madam, have you a headache, a sore throat, palpitation of the heart, congestion of the liver, or indigestion? Wear one, two, or three pairs of warm woolen drawers, and thick, warm shoes, with more or less reduction in the amount of dress about your body, and you will obtain the same relief permanently that you would derive temporarily from a warm foot-bath.

I must not forget to say that a thin layer of oil-rubber cemented upon the sole foot will do much to keep the bottoms of our feet dry and warm.—*Dion Lewis, M. D.*

It might be detected. They, of their own accord, wished to have their hands filled with flour, or any other similar substance, to prove they made no use of them, but this protest was deemed unnecessary; we required them, however, to count from 1 to 100 repeatedly, that their voices, distinctly heard, might certify to us that they were in the places where they were seated. Each of our own party held his neighbor steady, as that no one could move without two adjacent neighbors being aware of it.

At the termination of this scene a general conversation took place on the subject of what we had heard and witnessed. Lord Bury suggested that the general opinion seemed to be that we should secure the Brothers Davenport and Mr. W. Fay that after a very stringent trial and strict scrutiny of their proceedings, the gentlemen present could arrive at no other conclusion than that there was no trace of trickery in any form, and certainly there were neither Confederates nor machinery, and that all those who had witnessed the results would freely state, in the society in which they moved, that no one but the young fellows of five-and-twenty, with dainty black novelties and a pair of blue eyes such as an artist would endow innocence or hope with. He dressed well, too. The two neighbors were not very gay on the outside. By-and-by they bowed when they met. One day a little incident occurred which led to a conversation, this superimposed something else, which in turn brought to pass something else still, until the concatenation of circumstances ended in making the young man introduced into the drawing-room of the retired sugar-moulder dealer. Acquaintance gradually ripened into a sort of intimacy around the table where draughts and chess and backgammon were played, especially as the young men (though personally kind of all these innocent games) contrived never to win a cent, but lost some of his money in the hands of his hosts. The hostess of the house, accustomed to see no other young men, soon became倾心 to her young neighbor, and the parents were not averse from a marriage between them. Nevertheless, the subject had never been broached, until one evening the young man forgot behind him several letters, which seemed to have slipped from his pocket. The family read these letters. You may judge the contents of all these by one of them:

To the Editor, June 18, 1864.

"My Dear Neplow.—I did not send you to Paris for you to be guilty of nonsense. Your last letters are filled with the details of a pretty romance, which I dare say boarding-school girls would deem very touching, you have begun to read with a little girl named Celeste. I am no boarding-school girl, and I do not fancy nonsense. I have not laid up \$200,000 by Indian voyages these twenty years gone to see my nephew and only heir with his aristocratic appearance and name marry a Milie, Celeste, the daughter of a dealer in sugar-moulds. Do not mention that girl's name to me again, or I shall be very angry with you. Remember that I am to you just what my poor brother that is dead and gone was—your father; and he, as you well know, would never have allowed you to be guilty of any such stupid proceeding.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"Dionous de R——."

Some persons think that the requirement of darkness seems to infer trickery. Is not a dark chamber essential in the process of photography? And what would we reply to him who should say: "I believe photography to be a humbug; do it all in the light, and I will believe otherwise, and not till then?"

It is true that we know why darkness is necessary to the production of the sun picture; and if scientific men will subject these phenomena to analysis, we shall find out why darkness is essential to such manifestations.

I am, &c.,
DION BOUCICAULT,
226 Regent street, Oct. 12.

Talks About Health.

During the damp and cold season deficient dress of the feet and legs is a fruitful source of disease. The head, throat and liver are perhaps the most frequent sufferers.

The legs and feet are far from the central part of the body. They are not in great mass like the trunk, but extended and enveloped by the atmosphere. Besides, they are near the damp, cold earth.

For these and other reasons, they require extra covering. If we would secure the highest physiological conditions, we must give our extremities more dress than the body. We must wear upon our legs, in the coldest season, but two thicknesses of cloth. The body has at least six.

Women put on them four thicknesses under the shawl, which, with its various doublings, furnishes several more;—then, over all, thick, padded fur, while their legs have one thickness of cotton under a balloon. They constantly come to me about their headache, palpitation of the heart, and congestion of the liver. Yesterday one said to me, "All my blood is in my head and chest. My head goes bumpity-bump, my heart goes bumpity-bump." I asked, "How are your feet?" "Chunks of ice," she replied. I said to her, "If you so dress your legs and feet that the blood can't get down into them, where can it go? It can't go out visiting. It must stay in the system somewhere. Of course the chest and head must have an excessive quantity. So they go bumpity-bump, and so they must go, until you dress your legs and feet in such a way that they shall get their share of blood. In the coldest season of the year I leave Boston for a bit of a tour before the lyceum—going as far as Philadelphia, and riding much in the night without an overcoat; but I give my legs two or three times their usual dress. During the coldest weather men may wear, in addition to their usual dress, a pair of chamois-skin drawers with great advantage. When we ride in a sleigh, or in the cars, where do we suffer? In our legs, of course. Give me warm legs and feet, and I'll hardly need an overcoat.

I must not forget to say that a thin layer of oil-rubber cemented upon the sole foot will do much to keep the bottoms of our feet dry and warm.—*Dion Lewis, M. D.*

THE CHARISMOPHOSCOPE.—This is an improved optical instrument, invented by Mr. Trepasse, the ingenious manufacturer of philosophical apparatus. This new device embodies improvements in the construction and application of the well-known kaleidoscope, the idea of Sir David Brewster, by whom it was perfected in 1817. In the latter, however, the beautiful forms produced are vaporous and temporary; but in this new form of the Charismophoscope, the effects are entirely under the control of the operator, who can produce, in relief, delicate and simple, or gorgous and elaborate, patterns, as fancy and taste may suggest. It is claimed that this instrument may be most advantageously employed in designing patterns for silk, carpets, architectural modelling, jewelry, brooches, work, &c.

Mr. Fay then asked that his coat should be removed. We heard instantly a violent twisch; and here occurred the most remarkable fact. A light was struck over the coat but quite left Mr. Fay's person, and it was seen quitting him, plucked of him upwards. It flew up to the chandelier, where it hung for a moment, and then fell to the ground. Mr. Fay was seen meanwhile bound hand and foot as before. One of our party now divested himself of his coat, and it was placed on the table. The light was extinguished, and this coat was run on to Mr. Fay's back with equal rapidity.

During the above occurrences in the dark we placed a sheet of paper under the feet of these two operators, and drew with a pencil an outline around them, to the end that if they moved

A PARISIAN ROMANCE.

In a quiet street of the Marais—where a retired tradesman who has accumulated a considerable property of houses, say \$60,000, by savings—lives. He has one child, a daughter, who has grown up to the eve of womanhood. On the same floor with him and his family lived a handsome young fellow of five-and-twenty, with dainty black novelties and a pair of blue eyes such as an artist would endow innocence or hope with. He dressed well, too. The two neighbors were not very gay on the outside. By-and-by they bowed when they met. One day a little incident occurred which led to a conversation, this superimposed something else, which in turn brought to pass something else still, until the concatenation of circumstances ended in making the young man introduced into the drawing-room of the retired sugar-moulder dealer. Acquaintance gradually ripened into a sort of intimacy around the table where draughts and chess and backgammon were played, especially as the young men (though personally kind of all these innocent games) contrived never to win a cent, but lost some of his money in the hands of his hosts. The hostess of the house, accustomed to see no other young men, soon became倾心 to her young neighbor, and the parents were not averse from a marriage between them. Nevertheless, the subject had never been broached, until one evening the young man forgot behind him several letters, which seemed to have slipped from his pocket. The family read these letters. You may judge the contents of all these by one of them:

To the Editor, June 18, 1864.

"My Dear Neplow.—I did not send you to Paris for you to be guilty of nonsense. Your last letters are filled with the details of a pretty romance, which I dare say boarding-school girls would deem very touching, you have begun to read with a little girl named Celeste. I am no boarding-school girl, and I do not fancy nonsense. I have not laid up \$200,000 by Indian voyages these twenty years gone to see my nephew and only heir with his aristocratic appearance and name marry a Milie, Celeste, the daughter of a dealer in sugar-moulds. Do not mention that girl's name to me again, or I shall be very angry with you. Remember that I am to you just what my poor brother that is dead and gone was—your father; and he, as you well know, would never have allowed you to be guilty of any such stupid proceeding.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"Dionous de R——."

The next morning the young fellow (his name was Ernest) returned, apparently very uneasy.

He said he had left some letters behind him, he believed, there, and inquired if they had seen them.

The sugar-moulder dealer confessed his indiscretion, and had Ernest break relations with them, as it was evident from these letters that he could never marry Celeste. This summons seemed to throw the young man into deep despair.

He replied: "Wait a little longer, and I will endeavor to change my uncle's resolution; for I feel that if I do not I shall die." The sugar-moulder dealer said: "I will wait; for the truth was, he desired to marry his daughter to the young man, who seemed to possess every quality that a reasonable father-in-law could ask for in a son.

Several weeks passed away, when one morning Ernest ran joyously into his neighbor's drawing-room, holding in his hand a letter post-marked Toulon, and from the uncle who came to hear shipwrecking his happiness. The letter ran:

"My Dear Neplow.—As far as your marriage is concerned, do as you please. I only wished to test your affection and to be sure that your sentiments for Milie, Celeste was no caprice but real love. Time has proved your affection to be sincere. Marry her. I do not know whether my goot will allow me to go up to Paris for your wedding; but at all events I shall engage one of my friends to give you everything necessary to enable you to marry yourself decently. If I am unable to go up to Paris to your wedding, you must spend your honeymoon here. To see you happy will rejuvenate me."

This letter satisfied Celeste's father, and the wedding-day was fixed. Ernest refused to have a marriage-contract; he wanted everything he had to belong to his wife. Celeste's father-in-law went several times with Eugene to the notary who had the money sent up by the Toulon uncle, but he was discreet enough to remain at the door outside while his future son-in-law was transacting business. At last all the "paper" required by the French law were received; the certificate of birth born an honorable name. The banns were published at the mayor's office and church, and the wedding-feast ordered. Everything was ready—but the uncle wrote that he had such a violent attack of the goot that it was utterly impossible for him to leave his chamber. It became necessary to dispense with the uncle's presence. Misfortune never comes alone! On the wedding-day Ernest experienced additional ill-luck: his two groomsmen and his tailor disappointed him; but as the tailor was one of the great tailors of Paris, who are always overwhelmed with work, and of course cannot be expected to be punctual—besides have not all tailors a charter which enables them to accompany all of their promises with a mental reservation? At the last moment the clothes came; the

The Result of the Last Elections.

Results sufficient have been received of the late elections to enable a tolerably correct summary of the result to be made. The Presidential vote will probably stand as follows:

THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

FOR LINCOLN AND SHERMAN.

Electoral Vote.	Electoral Vote.
New York 41	Massachusetts 18
Pennsylvania 36	Maine 6
Ohio, divided 31	Connecticut 5
Illinois, 15	New Hampshire 2
Indiana, 17	Vermont 1
Michigan, 14	Rhode Island 2
Wisconsin, 10	California, 2
Iowa, 10	Oregon 1
Massachusetts, 14	Nebraska 1
Kansas 1	Maryland 2
West Virginia, 11	Missouri, 1
Total, 215	118

FOR MCGRATH AND BREWER.

Electoral Vote.	Electoral Vote.
Kentucky, 21	Delaware 1
New Jersey, 11	Missouri 1
Total, 51	21

Total electoral vote 264

Necessary to a choice 118

But to make Lincoln safe.

Lincoln's majority, 192

The political complexion of the next Congress will be nearly as follows, giving a two-third Union majority in the House:

—REPUBLICANS 112

DEMOCRATS, 107

TOTAL, 219

—The Boston Medical Journal urges horse feed for food.

—PHILANTHROPY—In this age of fraud, corruption, and dishonesty, when the great mass of society are willing to give up the last for the safety of the few, who, in the opinion of many, are providing for themselves, pay a considerable deference to the condition of others. There is room enough for us all; and there is evidence of both food and revenue for all the wants of our suffering race. There is a limit to the amount of compassion, and we have no right to stretch it beyond the month of the hungry, in the great battle of life men do not stop to consider any wants but those of their own subsistence. The cry of the orphan, the widow, the friendless, and the maimed, the sick are alike unknown and unheeded amid the din of contention.

We may, therefore, in this refreshing contemplation to witness the invariable success of those who, while providing for themselves, not only regard the wants of others, but even those of others, as the special object of their attention. An illustration of our views on this subject is found in the benevolent efforts of Fred. Bates and Brown, of this city, to deduce from the all-pervading element of Electricity a remedial agent which promises to set all previous light in the English art world in the shade. The electric remedial, whether in the blower, or any other torturing appliance, the lame are made to walk, the blind to see, the "deaf" are cleared, & disease, with its Pandora's box of evil, is banished to its efforts to distract. It must be gratifying to those gentlemen, while looking upon the success of their invention, to see the hand of Providence left at their disposal by these whom their skill has restored, to think that their success in life is based upon a merciful remembrance of the suffering. They have been in business about five years, and yet in that short time the accumulation of such wealth as they possess is surprising, and would, if generally known, be the greatest wonder of imagination. No imitation of the public press; no attractive display of printer's ink, would be so effective as this simple, telling fact.

By making Electricity a study, rather than a mere empirical science, these two gentlemen, who have been enabled to apply it to the cure of disease in such a manner as to produce the most beneficial results. Both acute and chronic cases have yielded to this new remedial agent, and the increasing knowledge of its healing power is effecting a revolution in the conduct of the public. Their office is at 1225 Walnut street.

It would seem, that, if the success of these men were generally known, it would stimulate and encourage others, also, to adopt a mode of living that would be serviceable to the world while profitable to themselves. If we give an imitation of their success, we may be in the world. It would elevate the general character of society, and cause men to be less selfish and sordid in choosing the road to wealth.—National Merchant.

A SCIENTIFIC VEGETABLE COMBINATION OF RARE INGREDIENTS.—NOT A DYE.

For coloring gray hair to its original color.

For promoting its growth and stopping its falling.

For cleansing the scalp, curing dandruff, &c.

For preserving the original color to old age.

London Hair Color Restorer and Dyeing.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Lady with the Wooden Leg.
On the North coast, Lee was renowned for the *plaintiff* in an action for breach of promise of marriage. When the brief was brought him, he inquired whether the lady for whose injury he was to seek redress was good-looking.

"Very handsome indeed, sir?" was the answer of Helen's attorney.

"Then, sir," replied Lee, "I beg you will reward her to be in court, and in a place where she can be seen."

The attorney professed compliance, and the lady, in accordance with Lee's wishes, took her seat in a conspicuous place. Lee, in addressing the jury, did not fail to impress with great warmth on the "handsome beauty" which had been exhibited toward the "lovely and confiding female" before them, and did not sit down until he had succeeded in working up their feelings to the desired point. The counsel on the other side, however, speedily broke the spell with which Lee had enthralled the jury, by observing that his learned friend, in describing the grace and beauty of the plaintiff, had not mentioned one fact, namely, that the lady had a wooden leg! The court was convulsed with laughter, while Lee, who was ignorant of the circumstances, looked abashed; and the jury, ashamed of the influence that mere eloquence had had upon them, returned a verdict for the defendant.

Fashinable Call.

Enter Miss Lucy, nearly out of breath with the exertion of walking from her papa's carriage in the street to the door of her friend.

Lucy.—"Oh, Marie! how do you do?—How delighted I am to see you! How happy you have been since you were to the ball last Thursday evening? Wasn't the appearance of that tall girl in pink perfectly brilliant? Is this your shawl on the piano? Beautiful shawl! Father says he is going to send to Paris to get me a shawl in the spring. I can't bear homemade shawls! How do you like Monsieur Espey? Beautiful man, isn't he? Now don't laugh, Marie, for I am sure I don't care anything about him! Oh, my! I must be going!—It's a beautiful day, isn't it? Marie, where are you coming up to see me? Oh, dear! what a beautiful pin! That pin was given to you; now I know it was, Marie; don't deny it. Harry is coming up to see me this evening, but I have him—I do really; but he has a beautiful mustache, hasn't he, Marie? Oh, dear, it's very warm. Good-morning, Marie! Don't speak of Harry in connection with my name to any one; for I am sure it will never amount to anything, but I hate him awfully—I'm sure I do. Adieu."

A Settler.

A teacher in a western county in Canada, while making his first visit to his "constituents," came into conversation with an ancient "Varmount" lady, who had taken up her residence in the "backwoods." Of course, the school and former teacher came in for criticism; and the old lady, in speaking of his predecessor, asked: "Wa'al, master, what do you think he learnt the schoolards?" "Couldn't say, ma'am. Pray what did he teach?" "Wa'al, he told 'em that this 'ere earth was round, and went around; and all that sort, o' thing. Now, master, what do you think about sick sin?" "Don't you think he was an ignorant fool?" Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorant, the teacher evasively remarked: "It really did seem strange; but still there are many learned men who teach these things!" "Wa'al," says she, "if the earth is round, and goes round, what holds it up?" "Oh, there learned men say that it goes around the sun, and that the sun holds it up by virtue of the law of attraction." The old lady lowered her "spoon," and, by way of climax, responded: "Wa'al, if these high larn' men say the sun holds up the earth, I should like to know what holds the earth up when the sun goes down!"

A Notice.

The following parties are respectfully requested not to attend either of the series of Popular Lectures to be given in the city the ensuing winter:

The man with croaking boots.

The woman with the cough.

The man who sees a friend and desires to sit beside him.

The man who insists upon procuring a better seat for the ladies under his escort.

The woman who cannot refrain from audible criticisms on the looks of the lecturer.

The man who eats pea-nuts.

The man who laughs in the wrong place.

The man who is invariably ten minutes late.

The young woman who goes invariably to see the fashions.

The man who invariably has to go out five minutes before the termination of the lecture.

The man who continues to read his evening paper during the entire lecture.

One of the curious facts noticed by naturalists is, that the animals and vegetables of the Old World surpass those of the New. According to Dawson's theory, this is to be attributed to the longer period during which the denizens of the Old World have been engaged in the struggle for life, and the consequent vigor acquired by them. European woods have established themselves abundantly in North America and Australia. The rapid propagation of European animals is no less remarkable. The pigs which Capt. Cook left at New Zealand have increased so largely that they monopolize vast tracts of the country, and are killed at six pence per tail. Not only are they obnoxious by corrupting the ground which the sheep farmers need for their stock, but they additionally follow the ewes when lambing, and devour the poor lambs as soon as they make their appearance. Another interesting fact is the appearance of the Norwegian rat. It has thoroughly extirpated the native rat, and is to be found everywhere growing to a very large size. The European mouse follows closely, and, what is more surprising, where it makes its appearance, it drives, to a great degree, the Norwegian rat away. The European house-dog is another importation—repels the blue bottle of New Zealand, which vented to them its company.

Mr. Reynolds, the dramatist, once met a free and easy papa, who told him that he had passed three happy days, at the west of the Marquis and Marchioness of —, without an invitation. He had gone there on the assumption that, as my lord and lady were not on speaking terms, each would suppose that the other had asked him, and so it turned out.



HOW VERY THOUGHTFUL.

OLD LADY.—"Are you not afraid of getting drowned when you have the boat so full?"

BOATMAN.—"Oh, dear, no, m'm. I always wears a life-belt, as I'm safe enough."

Punishing an Alligator.

They keep alligators and tame them in Sumatra. The strange manner in which they are treated, just as if they were human beings, will be observed in this extract:

"A man who acted as servant to the sultan was banished from the town, and as such an incident occasionally happened, it was supposed that he had been caught and eaten by an alligator whilst bathing in the river. A report to this effect soon reached the ears of the sultan, his majesty summoned the three keepers of his alligators, named Saguntang, Sackupa, and Samati, and before a large concourse of people complained to them that one of their children, as the natives term them, had killed a subject of his. The keepers expressed great regret at this breach of good conduct on the part of one of their charge. 'But, Tsawoo,' (my lord,) they added, rising to take leave, 'rest assured full vengeance shall be taken upon the offender.' Saguntang, Sackupa, and Samati accordingly wended their way to the river side, on reaching which they stopped at the spot where they were accustomed to feed the alligators. As these immense reptiles names were called they responded to the summons in such numbers that the water, far and near seemed covered with them. Although they looked like beams of wood closely packed together, the sharp-eyed keepers perceived the absence of one of them. 'There is one missing—Bazar where is he?' said Samati. A slight abeyance of the water was seen, and the culprit rose abashed, and timidly took his place. 'You it is who are guilty,' said Sackupa, 'come forth and receive the due punishment for thy crime. You have killed one of the king's own subjects; and therefore here, in the sight of thy brothers and sisters, thou must expire this dire offence. Hast thou ought to say in thy defense?' The alligator lowered his head in silence, in acknowledgment of his guilt. 'Samati,' cried Saguntang, in a loud voice, 'cut off the fore feet of this vile wretch, and then chop his body into a thousand pieces.' Samati, who appeared to have been a sort of Calorist in his relation to the alligators, immediately obeyed; and, when the merciless sentence had been executed, the pieces of the alligator's body were carefully collected and thrown into the river to be food for the fishes."

AGRICULTURAL.

HUSBANDING AND APPLYING MANURE.

The following is the summary of the discussions at the last State Fair at Utica, N. Y., as prepared by Mr. Conger. It is worthy of careful study:

1. Where sufficient has been reserved for arable lands, barnyard manure may be spread upon pastures and meadows under the following restrictions:

a. If spread early in the spring on pastures designed for immediate use, it should not be of the droppings of that species of domestic animals intended to be placed in the pastures.

b. It should never be spread upon meadows in the spring, as the coarser parts will be caught by the hay-rake, and mixed with the hay, imparting to it a musty smell, if not tainted with fungi.

c. It may be evenly spread on meadows at any time after harvest, and lightly harrowed or broken, especially if the after-math is heavy, so that the grass may not be smothered.

d. The weather should indicate the absence of high winds, the approach of moderate rains, or the presence of copious dews, so that the ammonical portion of the manure may not be lost.

e. On rapidly sloping land a heavier top-dressing should be applied near the summit, unless furrows such as are necessary in irrigation are made, so as to prevent the manure being washed with heavy rains to the bottom.

f. In winter no manure should be spread on other pastures or meadows when hard frozen, even when most of the atmospheric conditions above alluded to are present, unless the surface is, or soon will be, covered with snow, and then only on ground either level or gently rolling, so that in case of a thaw the melting snow may not render the distribution of the manure comparatively useless.

2. Under a system of rotation of crops, as supposed in the question, the husbanding of manure is indispensable to thrift in farming, and is to be regulated according to the supply of manure and the method of feeding adopted.

3. On farms whose principal staple is grain, the amount of straw is not sufficiently in excess of the feeding material reserved, and in such case it is necessary to spread it profusely over the barnyard, that it may be trodden down by cattle and sheep and mixed with their droppings. In such cases it is sufficient that the

barnyard should be dished or provided with one or more tanks for the holding of the draining of the manure; that fermentation should be allowed to proceed until the straw is disintegrated sufficiently either to turn the mass into loam (into which the liquid contents of the tanks are to be conveyed by pump and trough,) or drawn out, into the fields for spring and fall crops—of which method, as generally in all departments of the farm service, the labor that can be apportioned is the discriminating test.

4. When from the scarcity of straw upon a farm, its high price in neighboring markets, or its being an element of food prepared for stock, it is necessary to economize its use, the system of box or stall feeding is to be resorted to, and the husbanding of manures is determined as the feeding is either of animals to be fattened or raised.

5. In the former case most cattle may be placed in boxes not less than eight by ten feet, the bottoms slightly dished with a view to drainage, or being filled with muck or other absorbents, and the animals wintered with slight additions of cut straw as litter, so as to prevent the loss of hair and other cutaneous afflictions, (which proceed from the heating of straw if too liberally supplied,) and the whole mass of droppings, etc., left until removed to the fields.

6. In the latter case, that of rearing young animals, a like method may be pursued; but if their value will admit of a greater regard being paid to cleanliness, etc., the box should be provided with a flat floor of oak or other durable strips one and a half inch thick, three inches wide, and one-half inch apart over a paved, clayed, or cemented floor, and inclined so as to carry the drainage of the box into gutters leading to a tank, and the manure removed as often at least as once in six weeks, placed under cover of a roof, either permanent, or of boards battened, turning on pins and moved by a long lever as in sheds for drying brick, the liquid manure, (if not used separately,) being pumped from the tank and conveyed by troughs over the manure, so as to prevent fire fanning. If used separately the sheds are to be opened to occasional rains for the same purpose.

7. The manure from animals stabled in the ordinary way is to be treated as last described. And it is desirable that the manure shed should be constructed with access to it from a level below that on which the manure may be deposited, so that in winter the manure may be carted out upon lands ploughed in the fall, the fresh masses placed on top preserving those undervining from being thoroughly frozen.

8. When sheep are alone raised they should be kept under sheds with small yards connected therewith, and their droppings may be treated either in the case of fastening or growing animals, in the discretion of the owner.

9. Where no portion of the manure is designed for top-dressing pastures, that of horses and neat cattle may be advantageously placed under the same cover, their different capacities for developing heat operating favorably against oversteaming.

10. As the value of straw as an article of food, if cut up, mixed with feed thoroughly wetted and allowed to stand in mass for a few hours so as to develop heat, or if steamed, is at its lowest price worth at least twice as much for food as for the manure resulting from its use as litter, where beds of muck or peat exist in a barn, the straw should be ditched, and afterwards passed, so that by the use of these materials, when dried, may have received extra soiling, we take a needle and thread and mark it with a couple of stitches, and rub on a little soap, for without this precaution the spot could not be found after the blankets were wet. We then put them down in a tub and pour the contents of the wash-kettle boiling upon them. The tub stands for an hour, or until it is cool enough for the hands, when we rub the before-mentioned spot, "sow's" the blankets, and wring out. The second wash is prepared as the first, save that only half a bar of soap is required. The third wash is clear and boiling, and is designed to cleanse the blankets of the soap of the preceding wash; for soap is not healthy for the skin, and if the third water appears sudsy, we give them a fourth hot water wash with a squeeze of blue in it, very little, however, or the blankets will be streaky. And now the quicker they are dried the better; it is very disastrous to have rain come on, or have them snowed upon, or lie overnight; indeed, I never wash blankets unless the sun smiles upon me when I am about it. In our way of washing, blankets never shrink, and consequently never get "hard," and as we don't rub them, the nap is left on, they are more comfortable, and wash much longer than when washed in the ordinary way. The colored flannels we put in the tub as we take the white flannels out, having first added little melted soap; we wash them out right away, as the color will come out by standing. The water must be as hot as the hands can bear, and the soap that is rubbed on about the collars and wristsbands of flannel shirts, cannot be put on when they are out of the tubs, for in many kinds of colored flannel the mark of the soap is left, unless used while the flannel is in the water. Colored flannel does not shrink like white, and for this reason, and that the color is likely to come out, we do not use boiling water. In other respects we go through the same process in washing, save that the impression of blue is omitted in the last rinsing. In conclusion, sister readers, use flannel plentifully in your households. In this northern climate cotton is a very poor substitute. If people paid out as much for flannel as they do for these homoeopathic sugar pills, the doctors would be all the poorer, and their own homes all the happier.

How to Build a Smoke-House.

Is best constructed on a side hill, should be two stories in height, the lower part built of stone or brick, and the upper portion of wood or timber, as is most convenient. Two things are to be guarded against in a smoke-house, viz., fire and pilfering. The stone or brick basement, or lower part of the house, should be well made, and a strong lock upon the upper door makes it all secure. The floor or division between the two rooms should be of scuttling, set on edge, several inches apart, to admit the smoke freely, and to retain any meat which may fall from the hooks. Five feet in height is sufficient for each story beyond the pitched roof. The meat portion is entered by a door upon the upper side of the hill, and cross timbers, filled with strong nails or hooks, are provided for hanging up the hams, beef, tongue, &c. The smoke inside to the peak may thus be filled with meat, to which even the person tending the fire need have no access. Of course the lower part needs no floor. Six feet square is a good size for a building.

A subscriber sends the following:—

OUR LIBRARIES.

Geographical Bridges.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters:

My 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, is a country in Indiana.

My 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, is a country in Florida.

My 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, is a country in Georgia.

My 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, is a country in North Carolina.

My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, is a country in New York.

My 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, is a country in Virginia.

My 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, is a country in Georgia.

My whole should be the language of every American.

W. E. R.

Chuckles.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In cities large, the post, 'he said,

Collect my first to purchase board,

An article my next year'll see,

With Lindsey Murray 'will agree,

When old Borneo's head is bared,

The ladies then oft use my third,

My last a prefix now you've got,

That signifies within or not,

My when, a person low and mean,

Is shamed by all wherever seen. EVA.

Chuckles.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a current of air.

My second is an exclamation.

My whole is found in every house.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

JOE ROSE, JR.

Triple R